

2

Eng. Poetry vol 44.

THE  
A S Y L U M.  
A  
P O E M.

— Quis est pro deum fidem atque hominum! qui velit, ut neque  
diligat quemquam, nec ipse ab ullo diligatur, circumfluere omnibus  
copiis, atque in omnium rerum abundantia vivere? Cic. de Ami.

By a GENTLEMAN. *K*



L O N D O N,

Printed for T. DAVIES, Bookseller to the ROYAL ACADEMY,  
in Russell-Street, Covent-Garden.

M.DCC.LXXIII.

By the AUTHOR.

THE  
ASTLEY  
M.

P. O. E. M.

Quis est pro domini regis hominum qui velis, ut neque  
diligat quodammodo, nec ipse ab illo diligatur, circumspicere omnes  
omnes, sed in omnium rerum abundantia vivere. Cic. de Amic.

By a Gentleman.



LONDON.

Printed for J. DAVIES, Bookseller to the Royal Academy,  
in Pall-mall near Covent Garden.

M.DCC.LXXIII.



THIS  
P O E M

IS INSCRIBED TO

Sir JOHN FIELDING, Knt.

Serit arbores, quæ in alteri sæculo profint.

Stat. Cæc. in Syn.

By the AUTHOR.

THIS

P. O. E. M.

IS INSCRIBED TO

JOHN FIELDING, Knt.

Leave above, pass in alien's rights.  
Stat. Code in 2nd.

By the AUTHOR.





THE  
A S Y L U M.  
A  
P O E M.



WHEN, from the fleecy lap of gentle sleep,  
Sweet peace affrighted ! left her roseate cave ;  
And shiv'ring, on the threshold of the flood,  
Saw horror ! clotted o'er with blood,  
In ruthless council deep  
With murder ! rapine ! and wild theft !  
Of ev'ry vital sense bereft !  
She fainted, on the bosom of a wave.

B

Loud

Loud shrieks alarm the balmy rest!  
E'en commerce, droops her golden crest!  
And dreads their griffin fang!  
The mother clasps her trembling child!  
The virgin screaming wild!  
Sinks, breathless, to the ruffian pang.

Wide o'er the land,  
The fury-harness'd band!  
Their deadly havock urge!  
When justice usher'd forth  
Her minister of worth;  
— The villain's scourge.

Lo, startled guilt! — by probing nature stung!  
Convulsions rend her agonizing soul!  
Fell murders hurry from her tongue!  
— The heart-strings crack!

Have mercy, heav'n! the wretch lies gasping on the wrack!

In vain the huddled tale, the slime-gloss'd lie,

To wisdom's eye!

The small spark

Shoots glimmering thro' the dark,  
Now twinkling scatters round bright rays, and 'lumes  
the whole.

Come,



## THE ASYLUM.

3

Come, blue-ey'd peace! dear, gentle maid!

Resume thy genial smile:

Grey quiet feeds his flocks along thy glade:

Nor echo more replies

To human cries ---

But mocks the lambkin with her vocal guile.

In thy olive-cluster'd bow'rs,

Airy-mantled fantasy,

Leads the silver-footed hours:

Young joy waits there to welcome thee,

With dimple-cheek'd security!

Along thy sedge-intangled brook,

Content with placid look,

And glowing meditation stray.

No noise, but buz of humble-bees:

Or flutt'ring 'mid the neighbour trees,

The finch, or linnet, trill their lay.

Within thy groves,

A swarm of loves

Their roguish pranks rehearse:

For

## THE ASYLUM.

For rank, and place,  
 On Julia's face,  
 They vie in Paphian verse.

Hark! ---  
 Dear music tunes each atom of th'expansive!  
 A choir of Cherubs harmonize the air!  
 'Luring the soul within their dulcet sphere,  
 Sweetly as the violet steals upon the sense.

## H Y M N.

Guardian angel! hear ---  
 O hear our grateful pray'r!  
 Thou, who heard'st our cry!  
 From thy orb above,  
 With rays of heav'nly hue,  
 O show'r thy genial dew

Of Love

On Charity! ---

Say,



Say, holy dame, these pure-wing'd concords, whence?

M A T R O N.

'Tis the morn hymn of white-rob'd innocence!  
 The orphan's song! the chaunt of virgin pray'r!  
 The throbbing little breast secur'd from harm,  
 Now pours its grateful ebullition warm,  
 For those, who give her an Asylum! here---

A U T H O R.

By mercy's bounty, blessed may it stand,  
 The noblest monument of a liberal land!  
 Long may the fost'ring, glorious chief preside,  
 At once its succour, and Britannia's guide,  
 The shield of innocence, the patriot's pride!  
 And may the favour'd Seraph, whose sweet place  
 Is to await the Royal Patroness!

Daily whisper in her ear,  
 "You have dried the helpless orphan's tear."

C

MATRON.

## MATRON.

Here, dwell no bigot-zeal, no coifed art;  
No cloister-cold indifference chills the heart.  
Here, gentle Emma, rescued from despair,  
Felt the soft cherish of maternal care,  
When greedy death stood nigh --- and want had prest  
His ugly clay-cold fingers on her breast!  
Here, her poor little-bosom, drown'd with tears,  
In frantic prettyness dispell'd its fears.

Torn from the peaceful harbour of content,  
The calm of innocence by virtue sent;  
Her aged parents sunk beneath the weight  
Of fortune's frown, which seiz'd their small estate:  
Nor honest industry could stem the tide,  
But, barely, nature's pressing need supplied.  
Their only comfort fix'd their fatal grief;  
Nor aught could there administer relief.  
In vain they strove their sorrows to conceal,  
Their *Child's* misfortunes damp'd each scanty meal.

While



While yet the competence of life remain'd,  
Their goodness, void of thrift, and unrestrain'd,  
Had nourish'd still, within their narrow state,  
An orphan youth, preserv'd from 'pending fate;  
Who, grateful to the hand, which yet had fed,  
Added his willing labour to their bread.  
The pretty play-mates held each other dear,  
Each morning parted, with affection's tear;  
When Billy hasten'd to his daily trade,  
And chearful brought at night his little aid. ---

The mother died. --- The wretched good old man  
Struggled, in vain, to stretch his feeble span:  
Pierc'd thro' the soul! --- no tear allay'd the smart!  
His child's distress! --- the youth's affection'd part!  
He blest 'em! --- held 'em to his bosom! --- broke his heart! }

The eye of goodness! sees each poorest thing,  
Its meanest vassals! --- like Great Britain's King! ---  
Lock'd in each others arms the orphan pair,  
Like pretty lambs, it now beheld, with care

Produc'd

Produc'd 'em to a *feeling Friend*; whose hand  
(Enabled by a nobly-gen'rous land)

Preserv'd them both by mercy's blest decree:

Here Emma lodg'd, and William sent to sea.

The youth embark'd; --- the fav'ring winds prevail! ---

The anchor weigh'd; --- broad spreads the loosen'd sail.

The young impression sunk within his breast,

And Emma's image cheer'd the wat'ry waste.

As faithful Emma, sent him many a sigh,

And many a tear, with ev'ry boist'rous sky.

Here, the sweet girl, her ev'ry hour improv'd;

To all attentive --- and of all belov'd. ---

Swept o'er the flood, on high-swoln billows tost

The vessel now had reach'd *Bermuda's* coast.

The storm broke loose --- loud peals of thunder crack!

Incessant lightnings flash along the deck!

Black squalls pour down in cataracts of rain!

And blasts of fury foam the furling main!

Now o'er the vessel bursts the pond'rous wave!

The fated mariners' eternal grave           

. All,



All, save young William, sunk to endless rest:  
 Whom, *Providence* (intangled on a mast) ---  
 Now on the top of mounting billows bore,  
 Now thro' the breakers dash'd, and surf'd upon the shore.

A wand'ring Negro view'd the vessel lost,  
 And now survey'd the body on the coast:  
 Struck with its beauty, and its tender years,  
 The gentle-hearted creature burst in tears:  
 With speed he bore it from th'enraged sea,  
 Throbbing the frequent sigh of pure humanity.  
 Now softly leaning it on mossy ground,  
 With scatter'd sprigs he strew'd it all around.  
 Kindling to gentle flame, they soon dispell  
 The frigid vapour, and the deadly chill.  
 With genial ardour now he chaff'd the boy.  
 His pulse return'd --- the Negro leap'd with joy!  
 Smiling --- he felt his soft suspiring breath ---  
 Chaff'd on with transport, and defeated death.  
 Restor'd to life, and op'ning now his eyes,  
 A sudden panic, charg'd with sharp surprise,

Shot thro' his mind a thousand idle fears ---  
He shiver'd --- star'd --- look'd wild, with gushing tears.  
The Negro softly prest his little hand;  
Bade him not fear, --- he 'w'd lead him to a friend.  
Then gently bore him to his master's town.  
The gen'rous merchant held him for his own:  
Bestow'd each care upon his fertile youth,  
And reap'd the glad return of grateful truth.  
Charm'd with the noble teeming of his mind,  
His ev'ry task to William was resign'd.  
The punctual youth discharg'd each valued trust,  
With frank obedience, and attention just.  
The merchant joy'd his merits to commend,  
Felt all his worth, and seal'd him for his friend.

Nine summers blest young William's easy toil,  
With ample treasure from the kindly soil;  
When now unfolding to his twentieth year,  
And beauty's virile dawn began to peer:  
Maria, graceful fav'rite of the isle,  
With Venus' harbinger, --- the dallying smile,

In



## THE ASYLUM.

11

In gentle greetings often met his eye,  
With tacit eloquence of love-sick modesty :  
Responsive gleams enkindle ev'ry vein ;  
The soul relaxing all her feeble'd rein !  
Their mingling glances flash with vivid rays,  
Soft sighs increase the pupillary blaze !  
The subtle flame shoots quick thro' ev'ry part,  
And William vibrates at her very heart !  
He feels the fire, impregn'd with keen distress,  
Consume each prop to all his wonted peace ;  
No longer Emma's image sooth'd to rest,  
Maria grappled at his tortur'd breast !  
In no retreat a solace could he find,  
Toft by the conflicts of a gen'rous mind !  
Still fought to shun the palpitating snare,  
And never more behold the witching fair.  
But now unwarily they chanc'd to meet ;  
When, William, kneeling at her trembling feet,  
Implor'd her kind attention to his tale,  
Which wrack'd his bosom longer to conceal ;  
Told the unvarnish'd story of his youth,  
With Emma's innocence, and promis'd truth ;  
Profess'd

Profess'd him held by that unbroken faith,  
Which naught could e'er erase but fated death!

Maria startled pale! --- assay'd to speak ---  
A quick confusion flutter'd on her cheek;  
A momentary scorn enforc'd its way;  
But still the gentler passions held their sway.  
A flood of tears ran pearly on her breast,  
Where Love still sat exulting in his nest.  
She fainted! --- William sprung with frenzy nigh,  
Tottering on the brink of warm apostasy!  
Commingling tears in torrents wildly start,  
While fault'ring accents throb each other's heart.  
On either tongue the faint endeavour hangs,  
And *softness* rankles with the keenest pangs!  
But now restor'd --- a gleam of beauty's pride,  
Betraying more, the more it sought to hide ---  
He clasp'd her hand --- he kist it --- She withdrew  
It softly from his lips --- then sigh'd the last adieu!

Favonius long had lov'd the hapless fair,  
Still found her cruel, haughty, and severe:

But,



But, time co-aiding, she resign'd her charms  
To nuptial soothing in his faithful arms.

Still, William felt the jarring of his soul,  
His ev'ry passion trembling at the goal:  
"Dear Emma!" --- now, Maria, scorch'd his brain;  
He rav'd --- grew wild with complicated pain.

His noble patron saw the gnawing grief,  
And tried each friendly cordial of relief  
In vain --- He then exhorted him to flee,  
And shun the level'd shaft of misery.

His treasures ship'd with bountiful encrease,  
The friends enfolded with the kind embrace;  
The parting sigh broke heavy in each breast,  
Benevolence stood mute, by Gratitude oppress'd, ---

Poor Clemen,\* long from slavish bondage free,  
Attends his William on the fav'ring sea.  
The ship, prest on before the western gales,  
Skims o'er the deep with breeze-inflated sails,

E

Cuts

• The Negro.

Cuts thro' the frothy ridge, with rapid force,  
Flees the swift wave, and speeds the steady course.

At length, on Albion's happy shore arriv'd,  
Each care flew off, and all his soul reviv'd.  
And now he flew; his treasur'd hope pursued,  
With gentle throes of sweet solicitude.

*Nature* spread wide her fav'rite Britain's store,  
Her matchless verdure, her fantastic pour  
Display'd in ev'ry shrub, and dappled flow'r,  
To glow his bosom, and to kill the hour.  
The fertile plain, with herds and flocks o'erspread,  
The purple clover, and the nitid mead,  
The mantling copse, the stately-auburn wood,  
The riv'let stealing from its parent flood,  
The ferny waste, the neatly-cultur'd hill,  
The decent hamlet, and the clacking mill,  
The farm, the busy flail, the whistling hind,  
By turns engag'd, and calm'd his heated mind!  
Now patience lull'd him with her soothing lute,  
Now young desire inflam'd the keen pursuit:

And



And now! he reach'd the warmly-wish'd-for goal,  
Where liv'd the spottless idol of his soul.  
Near Windsor Forest dwelt the gentle Fair.  
*Eliza's* darling, and her tender care. ---  
His message soon to Emma was convey'd.  
She came. --- By neatness' modest hand array'd  
In beauty's April bloom, a form compleat,  
The joy of ev'ry love, the wreath of ev'ry sweet,  
Breathing unfullied odours to his sense,  
With all the rose-bud gems of virgin innocence!  
Enrapt! he gaz'd upon the perfect sight,  
~~While ev'ry nerve swell'd aching with delight:~~  
With high-wrought eagerness disclos'd his name,  
Proffer'd his riches, and reveal'd his flame.  
The flutt'ring spirits, panting with surprize,  
Impress'd their softest seal on Emma's eyes! ---  
But now! they blest him with the sweet reply:  
Her bosom heaves with gentle extasy! ---  
Her damask cheeks with gleaming blushes burn;  
She sinks within his arms, and welcomes his return.  
Their souls, by secret sympathy ally'd,  
Spring mutual to th' embrace! the sacred knot was ty'd.

Thus

Thus heav'n doth shape, and all our ways regard,  
And gives to virtue her deserv'd reward."

## A U T H O R.

Hence! unfeeling feer,  
" Whose eyes do *never* give," \*  
With skeptic dreamings drear. ---  
Hence! to dulness dank confine ---  
Ye selfish --- fullen --- Saturnine ---  
Go, grumble o'er your mess and fondly *think* ye live.

Stay, gentle youth; ~~whom yet the tender thought~~  
Can thrill to dulcet harmony of soul ---  
Obey thy bosom's prompt with virtue fraught,  
And spurn th'ill-natur'd reptile to his hole.

There are, who never feel the lucid flood  
Of sympathy, pour in upon the blood:  
But wallow in the scum, which oozes at the ebb.  
Dare to abhor the worthless Cynic's rant,  
Shun him --- nor let Society lament  
The *bee* insnar'd upon a *spider's* web ---

Come,

\* Shakespear. Timon.



Come, rosy essence of congenial glee,

Jocund Liberality!

And thou! in yoke thy harmless pair

Of robins, to thy primrose car;

Hither wing 'em thro' the air,

Dearest Sensibility!

Spirits all, who hover round,

Lull to peace your airy bound!

Ye, who virtue's mien emblaze!

Soothing man's fantastic maze!

Ye, who keep the pure record

Of friendship's truly plighted word!

Ye, who pale affliction cheer!

Who barter smiles for pity's tear!

Ye, who gambol o'er the plain,

And chirp the sweets of GEORGE'S reign!

Who skirt the forests far and near,

And whisper conscience in the ear!

Who watch the halcyon on her nest,

And smoothe the plume upon her breast!

And thou, who hoverest above,

Gentle President of Love!

F

Hither,



Hither, mystic spirits! stray,  
 Mingle *olive* wreaths with *bay*,  
 And strew them in your Kinsman's way.  
 He deserves your kindly care:  
 He deserves the muse's pray'r!—

And ye keen sprites, with bat-mouse wings,  
 Adder's teeth, and aspick's stings!  
 Watch my lady Envy's path!  
 Tickle her, till she laugh—  
 Then, bite her to the death.—

F I N I S.

